### ●●●★★★●●●★★★●●●★★★●●● HARTLEY'S COURAGE.

An Historical Incident of the Great Siege of Gibraltar

**承田田田本本本田田田本本本の田田本本本田田田本本田田田本** The most memorable siege of Gibraltar, blue the Porto Rico flag is red. It is singuindeed one of the most memorable of all lar to notice, that in almost every country of sieges, was that which the fortress sus- which liberty is the watchword and guiding tained from the combined sea forces of idea, that the flag is composed of the three France and Spain during the years 1779 to colors—red, white and blue.

The great attack on the place was made on the 13th of September, 1782, and all the resources of power and science were exhausted by the assailants in the fruitless attempt.

It was on this day that a humble private performed an act which history has handed down to us. The business of the siege progressed. The rock by the batteries sent forth its splinters to deal destruction around at every impact of the Spanish shot; but the return fire was of the most telling description and most steadily kept up by the Brit-

But removed from the smoke and din, in the laboratory of the garrison, surrounded by the chemistry of war, sat one man, a bumble private. His it was, while his comrades worked the guns in the suffocating casements of the covered batteries, to prepare the shells for the use of the mortars. A dangerous task-so dangerous, in fact, that even the examination of the deadly missiles

BUTTER BIRDS.

Cavern in South Africa in Which They Live. The cavern of this most wonderful bird

is in Caripe in South Africa. Among the natives in the country around, this cavern is celebrated for its haunt its inmost recesses, for the river which flows from it, and for the superstitious belief that in its gloomy depths is the abode of the spirits of their departed ancestors. The name which it bears signifies "the mine of fat," because from the young of the birds which inhabit it an immense quantity of fat is annually obtained.

These birds are about the size of our common fowl, with wings which expand to three feet and a half. All day long they dwell in the cavern, and, like our owls, only come forth at night. They subsist entirely is considered sufficiently perilous on board on fruits, and have powerful beaks, which



SPARKS AND BURNING RAPIDLY AWAY.

ship to warrant a stage being slung over are necessary to crack the tough nuts and er two men, the others being kept at a The cave is so straight that the travele distance. But familiarity with peril robs can enter for some distance without being men of their fear, and Hartley sat busily obliged to light his torch. As he proceeds making ready shell after shell, filling them over the somewhat rough ground which with the explosive composition, and after- forms the bed of the river he begins to ward fitting in the fuses, driving them home hear from afar the hoarse cries of the and ranging the prepared shells in cases Guacharo birds, and when he has arrived till they should be fetched to be sent in at the dark parts of the cavern the noise flery arcs to deal death and destruction is perfectly terrific; thousands of the birds amongst the enemy.

The laboratory was at that time full of ously. explosive material, every grain of which was of inestimable value to the beleaguered ing walls, and when it is remembered that garrison, and it had been accordingly placed they take place in pitchy darkness, it will in a position which rendered it impossible be easy to understand the superstitious terit. But now the danger guarded against spot. from without threatened, if possible, more terribly from within-threatened to destroy fat. at one blow the whole of the explosive com- with long poles. The nests are attached to pounds stored for defense, and this at a holes in the roof about sixty feet above time when such a loss would have been ir- their heads.

black spheres, as they lay ready, giving but killed. Underneath their bodies is a layer small signs of their deadly power-the force of fat, which is cut off, and is the object that should rend them into innumerable shreds of cast iron each to maim or slay. Suddenly, while calmly proceeding with his work, and driving a fuse into a fresh

filled shell, the fuse took fire, hissing loudly as it discharged its rain of sparks, and burning rapidly away. There seemed hardly time for thought, much less for action, and the first feelings of Hartley were those of blank dismay.

He had seen the discharge and flight of shells so often that he knew he could only reckon upon its burning for a few seconds and then would come the dire explosion that should act upon the part of the fortress where he was like an earthquakethe bursting of the shell being, as it were, but the flash in the pan that should prelude the blowing up of the laboratory. But with the calmness of the man whose trade was one which brought him daily face to face with death, Hartley seized the shell in both hands, hurried out into the open air and then with a tremendous effort hurled the deadly globe far into space, where a couple of seconds after it harmlessly burst. It was not until some time after that the performer of this daring act could thoroughly realize the great danger that had threatened him with destruction, and, though the peril was past, it was some time after, and then only with unstrung nerves, that he returned to his perilous

#### RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Story of the Fing for Which Many Americans Have Given Their Lives. The Cuban flag was first carried by Narciso Lopez about 1850-1851, when he invaded Cuba and lost his life. There are quite a number of versions as to the meaning of this flag; one is that the red equilateral triangle stands for equality; the white star represents Cuba, which would gain her independence through a sea of blood, and

island-Eastern Cuba, Central Cuba and Western Cuba. There is another version that once, about 1850 or 1851, a group of Cuban exiles were talking of the new flag that should be adopted and trying to get a suitable design, when one of them went to the window of the room in which they were holding their discussion and saw the evening star shining brightly in the heavens surrounded by the glare of the setting sun, while still the sky was blue, striped with white

the three blue stripes for the three depart-

ments which they intended to divide the

The revolutionary flag of Porto Rico is of the same proportions and design as the insects are not free from this terrible vice Cuban flag, only the colors are changed, and he accuses the most elegant among

one reeds which form part of their food.

These screams re-echo from the surround shot or shell of the enemy to reach rors which the natives associate with the

uttering their piercing cries simultane-

Midsummer is the harvest time for the The natives enter the cave armed

They break these with their poles, and Shell after shell had been filled, the grim the young birds fall down and are instantly sought. At the mouth of the cavern huts are erected with palm leaves, and there, in pots of clay, the natives melt the fat which has been collected.

This is known as the butter of the Guacharo; it is so pure that it may be kept for months, indeed for upward of a year, without becoming rancid. At the convent of Caripe no other oil is used in the kitchen

LITTLE GIRL'S WINNING WAY.

Visited the President to Get Her Soldier Brother Sent Home.

A little girl of about 7 years of age dressed in white, and looking as pretty as a picture, came up to the door of the White House one day last week, while her mother and aunt stood in the grounds. Approaching the usher at the door, she said: "Please, sir, I want to see the president!"

"What do you want to see the president bout, little girl," asked the usher, kindly. "I want to see him about my brother Ralph; he's a soldier, and we want him to

Just then General Corbin came along, and the usher told him what the child's mission was. "Want to see the president, eh?" said the bluff old general. "Well, he's very busy

now, but I am going up to see him, and you can come along. We will see what we can do about that brother of yours." The little miss, nothing daunted, went dong, and was introduced to the president.

"What is your name?" the president asked "Blanche Richardson."

"And what is your brother's name?" "His name is Ralph Richardson, and we live at St. Joseph, Mo.; but Ralph has been going to school at Yale, and he joined the First Connecticut regiment." "And you want him to come home now do you?" asked the president.

"Yes, please, sir. He's been away an awful long time. "General," said the president, "see what ou can do about this. Then, stooping to the little girl: "I think

you can count on seeing that brother of yours before very long." "Thank you, sir; I'm very much obliged," and she made a courtesy which would have done credit to a queen's lady in waiting.

BUTTERFLY BOOZERS.

Stimulants. A learned European professor states that

Male Rounders Fill Up on Alcoholic

o study them at his leisure. He was not long in finding out that those of the "fair sex" were remarkable for perfect sobrlety. These winged ladies drank nothing but water, several drops of dew a day, to quench their thirst. The males, on the contrary, were of a

evolting intemperance. "They came," said the professor, "to the

flowers whose distillation produce the most alcohol and they drank of the juices to the point of remaining inanimate several hours. There was not a day when I did not pick up butterflies dead drunk." And the professor is persuaded that the butterfly does not merit the reputation for inconstancy which the poets give it. When the insect is overcome by the abuse of strong liquors it staggeringly takes itself to its spouse to receive the attention which its state needs.

The professor conducted his experiments so far as to intoxicate his pupils, not with flowers, but with veritable spirits, of which great size, for the mysterious birds which he placed a few drops on the glass of the greenhouse. The butterflies did not hesitate; they pre-

cipitated themselves upon the whisky and

everal of them succumbed. Some butterflies at liberty were attracted by the fumes of a glass of gin left upon a table in a garden and fell asleep after ex-

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Mr. Meeker, your nose looks just like ther folks' noses.' "Hush, Willie!"

"I heard you say the other day, mamma, that Mr. Meeker had had his nose to the grindstone for seventeen-quit that!"

The governess was giving little Tommy a grammar lesson the other day. "An abstract noun," she said, "is the name of something which you can think of, but not touch. Can you give me an example? Tommy-A red-hot poker!

Edgar, aged 4, accompanied by his mother was watching a regiment of soldiers, headed by its band, marching by. "Mamma," he asked, "what's the use of all them soldiers that don't make music?"

One day little 3-year-old Mamie was passing through the market with her mother, and, seeing a strange-looking object, she asked what it was. "Why, dear, that's a head of cabbage," replied her mamma. "Zen where's its mouf an' eyeses?"

"Mamma," asked a little fellow of 5, "now that I've got a jackknife and a pocketbook, ain't I a man like pape?" "Yes, I suppose so," replied his mother. "Well, then," he continued, "I wish you'd look and see if my whiskers is sprouted yet."

There is a little boy in Denver who is as bright as an 1898 dollar, but he doesn't always have a ready command of language, says the Denver Times. The other day his sister got married, and Willie was the happlest boy in the crowd, for his newly acquired brother-in-law had been generous in the purchase of candy for the little fellow. After the ceremony was over and the time for the shower of congratulations had arrived. Willie was one of the last to reach his sister and her brand-new husband, and when he did get there he took hold of their hands and studied for some time before he could say anything.

"Poor little fellow, he is almost crying oo," said the bride.

"No, I ain't," was the brave reply; have forgot that thing I had fixed up to any and was trying to think of somethin' else -oh, yes, wish you many happy returns of the day-that's what I had thought upwish you many happy returns of the day."

THE OLD-TIMERS.

Isador Bush, who died recently in St. ouis at the age of 86, was General John . Fremont's secretary during the early art of the civil war.

Ristori, at the age of 76, recently read public the fifth canto of Dante's Inferno. and was received with great enthusiasm.

Julia Ward Howe made five public adin one day last spring, and she

There lives in Marshall, Mo., Alexander Steele, who was an own coustn of Gladstone. Mr. Steele was born in Scotland in 1815, and as a boy used to be much with his cousin. He came to this country in 1830, and up to a few years ago kept up an intermitten correspondence with the "Grand Old Man." Mother Krugermann, Berlin's senior artist's model, is dead, at the age of 92 years. Her husband fought in the battles of Leipzig against Napoleon I. She was

peddling in the streets when an artist took her up over thirty years ago, and Thumaun ised her as the model for Atropos with the hears in his well known painting, "The Fates.

Herbert Spencer is busy in his Brighton home revising those of his books which need to be squared with the knowledge of today. now a feeble old man and has been obliged to decline all correspondence save that of immediate personal concern. He can work only a short time each day. There s said to be a steady demand for his books all over the world.

John H. Reagan, the only survivor of efferson Davis cabinet, is living in Chicago, and is almost 80 years old. He was postnaster general and secretary of the treasury During the reconstruction period he was an adviser of President Johnson and Secretary eward. He was born in Tennessee, but went to Texas when a young man. Since the civil war he has been elected rep-resentative in congress and United States

Abner C. Goodel, aged 93, of Salem, Mass. is the oldest living inventor in the United States. He perfected the design of the first printing press which printed on both sides of a paper at once, and he also discovered the process for preparing steel and copper plates for engravers. Later he helped build the first locomotive for the Boston & Lowell railway. He worked on the first electric motor ever constructed, which afterward ran between Baltimore and Washington, and on the first engine lathe for the railroad

John Browne, one of the few survivors of he Balaklava charge, died at Lichfield, England, a short time ago, 84 years old. He erved through the Crimean campaign with the Seventeenth Lancers, and was present at the battles of Alma, Inkerman and Balaklava and the siege and fall of Sebastopol. On the memorable October 25, 1854, the day of the charge of the Light Brigade, he was regimental trumpeter, and sounded the charge for the "Death and Glory Boys." Browne escaped unburt, but lost the heel of his boot and spur by a musket ball, and had his coat tail cut off by a Cossack lance. He was in India throughout the mutiny, being present at the capture and execution of the

ebel chief, Tantia Topee. A Good Collector.

A Lewiston (Me.) young man tells how he secured his place as collector for a large house in that city. He was working for \$3 a week for an Auburn man and used to collect bills. He had a bill of \$3.50 against a rich Lewiston man and whenever he went to collect it the man never had the change. But he kept right after him illi he worried the life nearly out of the man. One day the Lewistonian paid him and told him he never wanted to see him again and crdered him out with strong language. A week later the same man sent him an offer of \$16 a week to do collecting and assistant bookkeeping and added: "You're the best

Not the Wisest Way.

It is not always best to wait until it is needed before buying a bottle of Chamber-lain's Colic, Cholera and Diorrhea Remedy. Quite frequently the remedy is required in the very busiest season or in the night and much inconvenience and suffering must be borne before it can be obtained. It costs but The revolutionary flag of Porto Rico is of the same proportions and design as the Cuban flag, only the colors are changed, and he accuses the most elegant among Where the Cuban flag is red the Porto Rico flag is blue, and where the Cuban flag is

A learned European professor states that a trifle as compared with its real worth and every family can well afford to keep it in their home. It is everywhere asknowledged to be the most successful medicine in the world for bowel complaints.

## OUR EXPOSITION SUMMED UP

Octave Thanet's Impressions of Art and Industry Mirrored There.

SURPASSING BEAUTY ELECTRICAL EXHIBIT

Bound to Have a Lasting Effect in the West-Symmetry of Architecture-Some Old Exhibits-How to "Do" the Exposition.

Away down in a little hollow on the bluff tract stands a red building with a forest of slender smokestacks. An unobtrusive placard announces that here dwells and toils the captive genius that works the greatest magic of the century; but the placard merely says, "Power House. Vistors Are Invited!"

Yet one may spend a wonderful half hour here amid the dynamos. The electrical display of the Transmississippi Exposition is far beyond any ever given in this country, probably in any country. The electrical appliances in the Electricity building are only a part of the wonder. The lighting of the grounds shows what electricity can do to turn night into day. It is more bril-liant than the most brilliant boulevard of Paris; but there is nothing of the harsh dazzle nor the inky shadows of the ordinary electric lighting. At the World's fair there were no half tones, the exquisite gradation of sunlight, the softened olives and violets of moonlight were lost; one was bathed in light and suddenly one stepped into darkness. Here, the 10,000 incandescent lights preserve the transparency of the shadows, producing a thousand exquisite effects.

To try to "do" the exposition in a day is a wearying mockery. One could easily spend a day in the Government, or the Liberal Arts, or the Electricity, or the Mines and Mining buildings. "Doing," in this sense, usually means a tramp or ride in a chair or iinricksha around the lagoon, across the bridge to the plaza, down past the painted grotesqueries of the Midway to the State buildings, a little loitering in the wide lawns amid the splendid parterres and the riot of color in plant and flower which surrounds the beautiful Horticulture building, statliest palace of them all, then a dip into the Midway on the other side, a return to the lagoon and an excursion into one or two buildings with eyes and brain equally dazed and satiated. The real way to have either pleasure or profit in an exposition is to know what one wishes to see-and go to see it! The clamoring attractions on either side are not to be regarded. A leisurely morning spent in one building, a leisurely ride for an afternoon, resting on the settees which are placed at convenient distances (at least in theory, in practice I found them too much like the policemen, always in evidence when not needed and apparently in another world when sorely wanted!), then a dinner on the roof garden near the plaza, whence floats the sounds of music, and an evening amid the incomparable loveliness of the western summer night and the lagoon—this makes a day that does not greatly weary either mind or body, but leaves its ineffaceable

delight in the memory. Of all the state buildings the log cabin of Minnesota is the most original and typical. It is built of hewn logs, very tastefully and the receiving room has a great stone ouilding is lighted with acetylene gas. I observed several farmers inquiring concerning this gas on a ready tongued young man

who stood in a little room with the cylinders, otherwise, I supposes "the plant." Is acetylene the coming light for the country? Will the carbide saturated water freeze or will it defy a northern winter. Is there the safety from explosion claimed? To all these questions the young man

nakes plausible answers, and there is a white radiance winking at you from the ceiling. It winks at 2 cents a night per burner, or some such sum.

The Art Collection. The Art exhibit is considered the week coint of the exposition. The building itself s one of the most beautiful and impressive. it is really two buildings conrected by an open court. The order of architecture is Corinthian, but Corinthian of the renaissance, not of the classic type. Broad and high flights of steps lift the columned porticos above the water, and the two great domes are nobly proportioned. Above the porticos, with their richly sculptured entablatures are winged figures. The central court has a fountain and the statues nowhere have a fairer background than against the velvet lawn and the innumerable vines that wreathe trees and collonado. Within are some 600 pictures, a very fair collection of the French schools, a rather inadequate exhibit of American art. There are a few statues. It is not a bad show; on the contrary, it is a very good collection. There are Carots and Rousseaus and Daubignys and I think and Ingres, and one or two or more Jules Bretons and Detailles and Monets and others of the later great French artists; there is a very good Carpenter-it is, in fact, most interesting. That the pictures, as a rule, are not the masters' more important examples makes for nothing; they all have distinction and charm. It is merely that comparing the collectionnot with the superb riches of the Columbian exposition, which would be unfairbut with those of a permanent nature in any of our great cities, the dearth of plan apparent and the unbalanced character of the collection, its lack of proportion and desultory character may blind one to its real merit. The Omaha papers have very quietly done a good turn to the art galleries and to the people of the west. They have published steadily articles describing the different paintings and other objects Notably there have appeared a of art. series of letters or essays in The Omaha Bee, signed Ethel Evans, which have described artists and pictures with admirable lucidity and picturesqueness, withal, in English, not in the jargon of the studio. Any honest farmer, any clerk or typewriter, any business man or woman (whether she had the smattering of an art club education or the least tincture of learning bestowed on diligent readers of the art periodicals or no) could understand those letters. And after those letters and the kindred articles in

other papers, the art gallery cannot but be

Do we, I wonder, quite apprehend how far

our huge expositions, at Philadelphia, at

New Orleans, at Atlanta, at Nashville, at Chicago, at Omaha, lead the average citizen afield in paths of pleasantness and ways of peace, how much of sweetness and light they give. Largely because of their influence, an unknown ideal of art is shaping

the dreams of every village builder, and names which were unknown a quarter of a century ago, are the property of our common speech; and groping still, but plain to be seen, is a new come of beauty among every class. I heard a story the other day, which ilustrates this pervasiveness of bette taste. A very charming Chicago woman was talking about certain engravings. They had been in the house before taste had passed through the fire. "I have been thinking, my dears," said the mistress to her children, "you know those old engravings in the back hall up stairs-you make such fun o' them, yet I hate to part with them-you know the new laundry. I think we might put them in the drying room." "Why not give them to Hull House?" said

one daughter. "Hull House!" exclaimed the mother. 'Mercy! they are not good enough for Hull House. I should never venture to send them

tere! They are so particular!" Which tale has a number of morals if one be minded to search for them! Yet, does it not all point to an ever-widening and deepening culture among the plain people? The American has paused long enough in his flerce struggle for money to perceive that his daily life needs beauty. Prosperity to him begins to mean a more leisurely and beautiful ordering of life. He perceives the lack today, tomorrow he will be trying to fill t. And not even the magazines and the daily journals have done so much to bring him to this attitude of wholesome unrest and anticipation as the great expositions.

Modestly at one corner are the Apiary and Dairy buildings and facing them is the Transportation building. Why a stray incubator should have sought shelter in this part of the grounds, I know not; any more than I know why the Liberal Arts is the appointed guardian for the main body of artificial chicken mothers. The Transportation building is interesting, but not (to the writer's mind) so interesting as some of the other great buildings. In the Dairy building (which well repays a visit) there is an ingeniously cooled car, where a butter artist models busts of Dewey, Hobson, and other popular heroes in that pliable but perishable medium. One of the striking exhibits of the splendid Studebaker collection of wagons and carriages, in the Transportation building, is the aluminum farm wagon. It is a wagon fit for a prince and light enough for a fairy; but, alas, only a prince or a millionaire could afford to pay for its light strength, for it cost, I think, some \$2,500—this simple farm wagon. There are three exhibits which tower above all others at the Omaha exposition. They are typical of the transmississippi states; the agricultural, the electrical and the mining exhibit. have spoken of the two first, the third in its own way is stupendous.

Beneath the square Greek towers and the grand dome of the Mining building is a wonderful display of metals and minerals and mining machinery. The great silver and gold mines of the far west, the great coal mines of Iowa and Illinois, the great stone quarries of the transmississippi states, all have representatives in miniature of machinery and product. There is a mine in operation and a history of mining in object lessons. And there is a prodigious display of minerals from alabaster to coal, from lime to sapphires and rubles. It is as chimney wherein almost a forest might typical of the wealth of the vast land beblaze, a floor of ax planed logs and tables, youd the river as the Agriculture building, settees and easy chairs framed of three with its many hued and fantastically fancied limbs in an ingenious fashion, which sur- display; and as typical of the devouring passes the rustic furniture of parks. The onergy of its soul as the purring monsters in the Electricity building.

The Exposition as a Work of Art. Yet, when we come to the parting word, of all the beauty, all the marvel which man in memories of the latest of our American expositions, is it not the Art? I do not mean the pictures which are hung on the gallery walls, or the statues in its portals; I mean the art embodied in the noble architecture, in the splendid groups that are painted against the vast sunlit spaces of the blue Nebraska dome, in the fair procession of Nature's velvet and jewels in lawn and errace, in plant and flower and vine and the subtle blending of all these enchantments into one harmonious, conquering charm. It is our last night at the exposition. We have left painted savages leaping and yelling around flaming fires in the dark fields beyond. Almost without warning we are back in the light and are walking by the basin in front of the Hortfculture building, where the tropical lillies float their crinkled, uncanny leaves. All about us is the glory of tall, cannas, yellow and scarlet, "mystic, wouderful." Plants of other lands have emerged from their greennouses and flaunt in the transient kindness of our fickle northern sun. They lend an air of fairy land to the unreal beauty of the scene. Bathed in this gentle radiance whatever might suggest hasty work, the unsubstantial material or hint at soil or crudity, vanishes as if it had never been; before us rise the sculptured walls, the graceful columns, richly carved pliath, entablature and frieze, minarets and domes that seem in this nour as enduring as the bills. We are quite alone, the hour is late. We seem to have this wonderful world to our selves, a charm to be counted. So, slowly ilmost sadly, we pass from the tranquil fields to the deserted plaza and across the viaduct to the silent lagoon. It is a city penciled in fire; and the long gem lines of the porticoes and cornices, the stars that point innumerable slender columns fencing the lagoon, the blazing torch

that flares above the vast dome to the south, these are multiplied and lengthened in the still waters of the lagoon. It is so light that every flower splashing the terrace, every vine masking the tree trunks or climbing the colonnades has its every tint of color for the eye. It is so still that we hear the fountains drip on the flery lilies. Stainless and white the great battlements, with their colossal figures of conquest and peace and winged aspiration, are carved against an infinite, unfathomable violet sky, pierced here and there by stars. And we are fain to say to the passing mo-

ment: "Stay, thou art too fair!" But railways cannot be wheedled like Mephistopheles, and we have the inevitable train in waiting, of which Faust knew nothing; wherefore, we turn for one last backward, wistful look and go. But the scene will remain. Whoever has

seen it cannot forget it any more than he stimulant and inspiration to thousands. can forget that other and greater city that we treasure in our hearts OCTAVE THANET.

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